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THE Antiquarian and Numismatic Society

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The aims and objects of the Society are indicated in its name and title. Papers are read before the Society by members and others on topics of Canadian Archaeological, Historical and Numismatic interest and published in its Journal: "The Canadian Antiquarian." The chief object of its concern is the maintenance of the Chateau de Ramezay—built by Claude de Ramezay in 1705—where has been assembled a most interesting, if not, indeed, unique, collection of Portraits, Views, Maps, Documents, Arms, Furniture, Coins, Medals, Relics and Curios of great historical importance, besides a Library of Canadian and other Literature. As admission to the Chateau Museum is free, the Society relies mainly upon a sustaining membership for support in carrying out its objects, and it should be the duty and pleasure of all patriotic citizens to assist in this manner. The Fees are: \$2 Entrance, and \$3 Annual Dues; Life Governorship, \$100 in full payment. All members in good standing receive the Antiquarian gratis with their subscription.

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THE
CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN
AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL

Third Series (I)

JULY 1913

Vol. X

REMINISCENCES OF OLD QUEBEC.

BY E. T. FLETCHER.

QUEBEC.

IMPERIOUS, throned above the blue expanse
Of flowing tide that laps the cliff, and slips
Past prisoned logs and chains of anchored ships,
Straining in leash for swift deliverance!
The Old ill brooks the New; old world romance
Invades the mart, breathes from the muzzled lips
Of war-dogs couchant on their curb, and drips
From blood-stained battlement. Anon, perchance,
From cloister-bell quaint summons tinkling flows,
Waking pale ghosts that flit in cowl and hood.
Or stately glide, or clank in grim array—
Dream-shades of vanished night. Morn, breaking, glows,
Flushing roof, spire and frowning gun in flood
Of sunlight, presage of a new-born day!

S. M. BAYLIS.

(1) The January and April numbers of 1913 were inadvertently printed "Fourth Series", instead of, as should have been done, Third Series.

IN THE year 1827, the Atlantic had not yet been traversed by steam-ships. Comfortable vessels, for passage, were not often to be met with. In the beginning of September, of that year, my father, having received an appointment in the Imperial Customs, embarked with his family on board the brig *Amethyst*, Capt. Thompson, of Gravesend, and arrived at Quebec in the middle of October; the voyage having lasted about six weeks. The little brig, of 250 tons, was an excellent sea-boat, but was dreadfully shaken, in mid-ocean, by contrary winds. From the frequent pitching the jib-boom was sprung three times, and as many times renewed. Our fellow-passengers were Captain J. W. Clemow, half-pay 41st. Regiment, H. Desrivières Beaubien, William Dunn, and A. L. Smith. With a feeling of intense relief we at length found ourselves in the River Saint Lawrence, and watched, when the river narrowed, the shifting and picturesque scenery on both sides. Finally, we dropped anchor before the Citadel of Quebec, on the evening of Saturday the 20th October.

The weather was fine and clear; the air soft and balmy: and the tin roofs of the city and suburbs shone brilliantly in the last days of the

setting sun. Wearied with our long and fatiguing voyage, we could appreciate, to the full, the fine panorama around us. To the East lay the green heights of Point Levis and the Island of Orleans: to the North, the Beauport shore, a western Bay of Naples, fading away in a curve of long perspective, with its line of white cottages, towards Montmorency and the Falls: while to the West and South extended the broad St. Lawrence with its forest of shipping, and the city itself, a maze of tin roofs, spires, and bastions, with the fortifications of Cape Diamond surmounting all. A splendid scene and one which has been many times described. As we stood on the deck, the Angelus rang from the churches, the military bugles sounded, darkness came, and the city seemed ablaze with lights. Some of the passengers went ashore and, returning, brought us specimens of the current coin. There were Spanish pistareens, half-crowns of the times of the Stuarts, and Mexican dollars. The copper pieces were of almost infinite variety, half-penny tokens, bank-coins, some again with Wellington's head on the obverse, and some with General Brock's. So came the night, clear and starlit, with innumerable ship-lights around, and no sound to be heard save the occa-

sional hail of seamen, and the rhythmic plashing of the waters.

The boarding-house of Mrs. McLaughlan, to which we then removed, was in Palace Street, two doors below the intersection of the Ste. An-lele, now McMahon Street. The corner house, since burned and re-built, was then occupied by Mr. William Wilson, of H. M. Customs. Our fellow lodgers were a Mr. Elliott and his two sisters, who had, like ourselves, a suite of rooms of their own. The next house below was Dr. Caldwell's, whose brother, then in Montreal, was also a Doctor and had attended my father, when wounded, in the West Indies. Lower down, showing a front of three windows on the first floor, was the residence of the Ross family, the original home of the present Hon. D. A. Ross, for several years my school-mate, both at Dr. Wilkie's and afterwards at the Grand Seminaire. Further down still, at the corner facing the old Arsenal, was the house of Dr. Painchaud, a worthy and somewhat eccentric practitioner of the old school. His son was also a school-fellow of mine at Dr. Wilkie's. Below the arsenal was Palace-Gate, since removed, and the *enceinte* of the city wall.

Palace Street was then, as now, one of the main thoroughfares of the town: and through

the gate there poured continuously a stream of vehicles from the outer parishes. After the snow fell, the scene was lively and striking, from the number of loaded sleighs laboring up the slope, with the habitant-drivers, clad in heavy homespun, with sash and *bonnet-rouge*. There was an incessant cracking of whips, and an urging on of their horses with cries of "*marche donc gris,*" coupled with every form of vociferous adjuration. Intermingled with the procession was the "cariste" of ancient build, two-seated, short, and heavy, with a buffalo-robe in the hinder seat for the comfort of the travellers. In the intense cold of winter, the community dressed warmly, of course. Furs were universally worn. The ladies had bonnets and heavy muffs of marten and other costly skins. The men wore huge flat-topped caps, with ears, voluminous comforters, or skin boas, round the neck, and gauntlets of imposing dimensions on the hands; while the nether limbs were protected by thick black overalls, or wollen stockings, reaching above the knee, and terminating below in feet of cloth, strongly soled, these being drawn over the ordinary boot, fastened with a buckle at the instep, and a sort of garter under the knee to prevent them slipping down. The over-coats were short in those days, which made the protection

of the lower limbs the more necessary. In severe weather the cheeks and nose were often frozen. This happened frequently to the sentinels at the city-gates. In general, as soon as the fatal white spot appeared on the face, the victim was at once informed of the fact by the passers-by, some of the more zealous even rushing up with a handful of snow and commencing to rub vigorously the part affected, with the hasty explanation: "your nose is frozen, sir!"

Round the corner just above, on the South side of Helen (now McMahon) Street, was the Natural History Museum of M. Chassé, subsequently removed to the Parliament-building, near Prescott Gate. Nearly opposite us, but a little higher up, was the dry-goods store of Henry Trinder and Horatio Carwell, and between that and St. John Street was (and is) the large building known as the Albion Hotel, and occupied, as such, by Messrs. Payne, Hoffman, and Kirwin, successively. Opposite to this, on Palace Street, was the dry-goods store of Robert Symes, known, for many years, as an active and useful justice of the peace: and on beyond, at the corner of St. John Street, at the level of the ground floor, stood the celebrated wooden figure of General Wolfe, life-size, and in full regimentals, now exalted to the second story. A

short distance West of this corner, and on the same side, was Mailhot's Hotel, then the property of Chief Justice Sewell. It has disappeared, to make room for the lofty structure known as Casey's building. Here, in one of the upper rooms,—I have been assured by Mr. Casey himself,—the Hon. John A. McDonald and D'Arcy McGee often met, in later years, to spend a quiet convivial evening. One may imagine the flashes of wit and humor that illumined these *Noctes Ambrosianæ*?

Having been duly installed in December at the Rev. D. Wilkie's Classical School, in Garden Street, my daily walk lay along Palace, St. John, and Fabrique Streets, the market-place, and the close of the Anglican Cathedral, to the intersection of the *Ruelle des Ursulines*. Fabrique Street was at that time bounded on the South by a low wall and fence, separating it from the grounds of the "Jesuit's Barracks," a square of solid stone buildings formerly occupied by the Order of Jesuits, a corporation dissolved long ago by Papal edict, and, on the death of the last member, escheated to the Crown. These buildings were used thereafter as barracks and were demolished quite recently. On the other side of Fabrique Street was the bookstore of Mr. Horan, whose son was afterwards

R. C. Bishop of Kingston. It was here that we purchased our French school-books. At the intersection of St. Anne and Garden Streets, and on the West side of the latter, stood the building known subsequently as the Haymarket Theatre: and on its Northerly face was displayed, during my school-boy days, a painted wooden sign, representing the engagement of the Shannon and Chesapeake. In this theatre, a few years later, I saw the play of "Douglas" performed by the students of the Reverend Mr. Burrage's school. The Prologue was written by Mr. Fred. Collard. In it, speaking of the players, he asked: . . . Who will have the courage to intercede for them with Dr. Burrage?

This upper part of the building was subsequently utilized as a gymnasium by Dr. Hartney (Nov. 1835), and again as an Auctioneer's show-room for prints and engravings: it is now the Russell House. At the corner of the Ursuline lane and Garden Street was the well-known circulating Library, a fine collection of standard works in light literature, superintended by Miss Cary, a sister of Mr. Joseph Cary, afterwards Deputy Inspector General, and of Mr. Thomas Cary, proprietor of the Quebec Mercury. Mr. Wilkie's school was in Gardener Street, directly opposite this corner. My worthy

teacher had, at that time, as assistant, a Mr. Johnson. There was also a writing-master, whose chief occupation was the mending of pens, quills being then in vogue. Mr. Johnson was shortly afterwards succeeded by Mr. Peter Ramage, an excellent Latinist, and most kind hearted man, much liked and respected by the boys. Among the students, I recollect Jerry Leaycraft, an esteemed friend, son of a West Indian merchant, Richard Thorne, of Little St. Lawrence, Newfoundland, Charles C. Sheppard, son of the Hon. William Sheppard of Woodfield, J. Brauncis, a talented musician, and in 1832, master of the Quebec Artillery Band, D. McLean Stewart, son of Charles Grey Stewart, of H. M. Customs, David A. Ross, later a Member of the Quebec Government, James Greene, son of the Clerk of the Crown, T. C. Lee, afterwards a ship-builder, Joseph and William Morrin, sons of the Doctor, young Chapais, a prominent politician in later days, Robert Christie, son of the Member for Gaspé, James Lane, son of the Registrar, John Torrance, afterwards an Episcopal Clergyman, Daniel Wilkie, a nephew of the principal, and William Stott, a relative and adopted son of Captain Stott of Mount Pleasant, his original

name, Wilson, having been changed by royal permission.

I remember reciting, at the Xmas examinations of this school, in 1831, Anacreon's famous ode to a Carrier-Pigeon. Mr. A. Girod, the noted *littérateur* and republican, was present and expressed his satisfaction. In the following February, he read a paper, on the War of Independence in Columbia, before the Historical Society. A few years later, he took part in the conflict at St. Eustache, and, fleeing thence, he died by his own hand.

In May 1828, the family removed from town to Mount Pleasant, about a mile West of the City; having leased a small cottage on the South side of the Ste. Foy Road, and the first house beyond the toll-gate. It was subsequently occupied by Mrs. William Stevenson. Our landlord was Mr. James Hunt, the Wine-merchant. Mrs. Young lived opposite; afterwards, Mrs. Byng Gatty, and then the Lane family. Next to this, Westward, lived Mr. Bignell, at that time Postmaster, and subsequently Mr. E. Burroughs, prothonotary. The next house still farther Westward, was the residence of Mr. Snelling, D. C. G. In the next house to our own, on the West side, and separated from it by a small lane, lived, for some time, Mr. James Hastings.

Kerr, son of of the judge, and afterwards, in succession, Mr. Wm. Newton, Mr. W. H. Griffin, of the Post Office Department, and Captain McDougall, of the 79th Highlanders. Here we remained for many years. We christened the house "York Cottage," my father having formerly served in the Royal York Rangers.

In the year 1832, I was sent, as a boarder, to the Grand Seminaire. Here I met with several young men who afterwards attained eminence. Among these were J. P. O. Chauveau, the Abbé Tanguay, and D. A. Ross. I belonged to the third class, in charge of Professor Normandeau, who afterwards seceded from his church and became a Protestant Minister. Our instructor in English, who came at stated hours, was Professor McDonald, co-editor of the Quebec Gazette, an accomplished scholar and excellent linguist, afterwards had charge of the Establishment for the Deaf and Dumb, on the Esplanade Hill. I have in my possession the copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" which formerly belonged to him, and in which he has carefully noted some of the finest passages, among others the well known stanzas on the death of Clorinda. He had a theory, I recollect, that the terminals in the Genitive of English nouns was a contraction of the possessive pronoun "his."

The Rev. M. Briand, if I recollect right, was at that time Director, and the Rev. Mr. Holmes was *préfet des Etudes*. The latter was considered one of the finest pulpit orators of his day, and at the interment of Bishop Panet, who was buried in the adjoining parish-church in February, 1833, he was selected as the orator to pronounce the funeral sermon. I was present at this service: it was most impressive. The two choirs, answering each other, the antiphonal chanting, now sad and wailing, and now lofty and exultant, the immense multitude of people, and the swell of the great organ, rolling in thunder through the vast interior, as the body sank slowly through the apperture in the church-floor, all this, in its grandeur and solemnity, is a memory not to be forgotten. On Thursday, we generally took a walk outside, sometimes as far as the *Canardière*, on the Beauport Road,—always two by two, with a priest in charge. The hours of rising and retiring were of course early: and on a dark winter's morning it was anything but pleasant to be roused by the ecclesiastic of the dormintaire, with his "*Dominus vobiscum*," the signal for getting up, to which we were expected to respond with "*et cum spiritu tuo*." At meals, each four students made a "plat," acted as servitors, in succession. During the re-

past, one of the boarders read, from a sort of pulpit. In my day Crevier's Roman Emperors was the book selected. I entertain very pleasant recollections of my stay in this institution. As to the studies, "*militari non sine gloria*," obtaining a prize, and an "*accessit*," or certificate of good standing. On one occasion I made something of a hit by a string of verses on ancient Rome.

For this I was rewarded by being permitted to give the "*Deo Oratias*" next day, after the mid-day meal. Nor was my acquaintance limited to the routine teachers. As students of *Belles-Lettres*, David Ross and myself were often permitted to visit the Revd. Father McDonald, Professor of Theology, a most kind and genial man, who read to us many *chefs-d'oeuvre* of literature, and descanted on their beauties. Under his guidance we also refreshed our knowledge of Greek, which was not taught in the ordinary classes. I was sorry, indeed, when the time came to bid adieu to the worthy professor, and I felt that our pleasant evening "praelections" were at an end, and knew that I should hear no more his jovial laugh, or hear him inquire about "the news of the town."

Having left the Seminaire, and entered the arena of business as an Architectural student, I

resided with my father, for several years. On Sunday we attended Sewell's Chapel, built by Chief Justice Sewell, and for many years served by his son, Edmond Willoughby, who was ordained a priest in December, 1827. The latter married a daughter of Bishop Stewart, who preached here occasionally. He had a fancy for quoting from Tertullian. In rear of this building was the circus, afterwards known as the Theatre Royal. The original manager appears to have been a Mr. Blanchard. I was present, while yet a school-boy, at the performance of *Timour the Tartar*, a grand spectacular play, in September, 1830. A Miss Emery played *Zorilda*, and the role of *Timour* himself was taken by a Mr. Gale. This gentleman had a tremendous bass voice, a veritable "basso profundo," and his "*Zorilda, is it possible?*" was something to be remembered. The Circus was closed in May, 1831, by Mr. Page at that time manager. His last appearance was as *Scaramouchi*, in the pantomime of *Don Juan*. I see it noted in a diary that we all went to the benefit of Mr. West, a noted equestrian, who had leased the Mount Pleasant Hotel, in our vicinity. A proposition was now made to restore the Haymarket building to its former uses as a Theatre: the stage, in the Circus, being at an inconvenient distance

from the audience. In pursuance of this scheme, the requisite repairs and alterations were made, and the Haymarket now received the title of the New Theatre Royal. There, in the following August (1831), Charles Kean appeared as Duke Aranza in the "Honeymoon." I find it noted that the heat was intense! However, the Circus building seems to have been still preferred, for during September Kean played Shylock and Othello in the Old Theatre Royal, where, on the 1st of October, I saw him appear as Brutus in Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus or the Fall of Tarquin." It was a most thrilling impersonation. I can never forget the rich music of his voice, his terrific burst of energy in denouncing Slatius, or his pathetic remonstrance of his sons, calling on them to meet their death "with a more manly heart." Strikingly effective, too, was the closing tableau, where, on the signal being given that the execution had been carried out, he falls back, fainting, into the arms of his attendants, with the words,— "Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free."

On this occasion, owing to the great depth of the auditorium, many respectable citizens preferred the parterre or pit. Among these I saw my reverend teacher, Mr. Wilkie, rapt in attention and lost in thought.

In this building I have seen some of the leading players of the age. In August, 1833, I saw Charles Kemble as Benedict, and his daughter Fanny as Beatrice, a piece of charmingly vivacious acting. On this occasion the former had something of an accident, which might have resulted in lameness. His foot passed through a stove-opening carelessly left open in the floor, and he limped in pain through the remainder of the play. In July, 1836, Mrs. Ternan, formerly Fanny Jarman, appeared as Ernestine in the melodrama of "La Somnambula," (not the Opera). The house was crowded; and in the profound silence which prevailed during the sleep-walking scene, the sobs of the fairer part of the audience were distinctly audible. In August, a star of genteel comedy, Mr. Dowton, (old Dowton), played in the School for Scandal, with Mr. Ternan as Joseph Surface. There also appeared Ellen Tree as Tan, Master Burke as Bombastes, and Clara Fisher as Helen in the Hunchback. All admirable artists. But perhaps the actor who impressed most forcibly was a Mr. Oxley, who played Othello in August of the following year (1837). In his wonderful personation of this character he seemed to invest it with a new charm. He rose to the full dignity of this matchless creation of Shakespeare, and carried

his audience with him, by the magic of his art, in that sympathetic awe and terror, which is of the very essence of Tragedy. Oh, the ecstasy, the anguish, the rapt attention, of that wondrous hour of enchantment! The highest poetry made a living actuality by the highest talent. Sixty years have now passed, but I have heard no syllable of Mr. Oxley since. Whither did he go? Where was his home? He was young then, and gifted with every grace of form and gesture. Perhaps he was stricken down with pestilence. Perhaps, disappointed in some deep-seated hope, he died in early manhood: waning away sadly from life, as a star in the heavens, bright for a time, that fades and disappears to be seen no more.

During the months of June and July, 1832, the Asiatic Cholera raged in Quebec. It was the first appearance of this scourge, and the alarm was general. Several families, carried away by the prevailing panic, left town for the country. Quack medicines of all kinds were advertised. Benevolent societies were formed. Special services were held in the churches. The guns of the grand battery were discharged, and pitch-boys sent up their dense clouds all round the *enceinte* of the fortifications. It was a terrible time of depression and anxiety. I shall

never forget the sweltering heat of those summer nights, or the sickly moonlight that seemed to overlie, as an evil persence, the doomed and sickly city. The disease was thought to be contagious. I have seen Dr. Skey wash his hands carefully, after feeling the pulse of a cholera patient. Many carried a piece of camphor in the corner of a handkerchief, as a prophylactic against possible infection. From morn till even, the solemn processions of the dead, buried in almost precipitate haste, passed through the silent streets: and from the churches there arose, from time to time, the sound of prayer, the wail of sorrow, the "*miserere*" of passionate entreaty. In the beginning of August, confidence began to return. The plague had spent its force. It had lasted only two months; but in those two months nearly two thousand victims had perished. This was about one in every fifteen, Quebec at that time having a population of thirty thousand, or about the same as Montreal.

There was a second appearance of cholera in 1834, during the summer months, but the mortality was not so great. I had the disease myself in the month of July. After the preliminary cramps, etc., I lay for a few days in a trance-like condition, and then rallied.

This visitation passed, the old town resumed

its wonted life and activity. St. John Street, the favorite afternoon promenade, again swarmed with people. In the narrow thoroughfares of the lower-town, the roll of business-vehicles recommenced, and above, within the walls, the streets were alive with the animated converse of passing throngs. while, here and there, a military uniform gave color and brightness to the scene. Among the notable Quebeckers of the time, I recollect Mr. Jeremiah Leaycraft, father of my old school-mate, and a man of most kindly and genial disposition, who frequently passed our house on his way to town. He wore a high shirt collar, suggesting, in later days, a resemblance to the portraits of Gladstone. Then there was Dr. J. Charlton Fisher, at one time editor of the N. Y. Albion, an eminent scholar and critic, faultless in attire, even to the canary colored kid-gloves he was wont to wear; Archdeacon Mountain, afterwards Bishop, tall, dignified, yet most gracious in demeanor; Mr. Wm. Patton, broad of chest, and with "Atlantean shoulders," for several years president of the St. George's Society, and a most worthy representation of his native land;—it was quite a picture to see him in the chair of the Society's dinner, with a huge baron of beef before him:—Father McMahon, a worthy and well-known se-

cular priest, always bright and pleasant; Mr. J. W. Woolsey, sometime president of the Quebec bank, brisk and active to the last, and dying in 1852 of extreme old age; Mr. Wm. Kemble, editor of the Quebec Mercury, stout and bulky, of high literary attainments, and related to the celebrated histrionic family of that time. Later on, the figures of Colonel Gagy and Stuart Derbyshire were conspicuous. The former was gazetted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in 1838. He was at that time a resident in Montreal, and subsequently moved to Quebec. Here he lived, for the most part, on his farm at Beauport, a few miles from the City. Having got into a dispute, as to boundaries, with his neighbor, a Mr. Brown, he invited me out, as a land-surveyor, to investigate the grounds of contention. I recollect attending the Court of Enquetes as his witness, and on my entry into the Court-room, was greeted by the Colonel with a loud and audible "Now F."

'On God and on your lady call,
'And enter the enchanted hall!'

After years of litigation, in which he was his own advocate, he gained his case, and remarked that "'twas as long as the siege of Troy." On another occasion, having failed to keep an appointment with me, he exclaimed, with a drama-

tic attitude, when we next met,—“F.—have you forgiven me?” But all this light-hearted jocularity was a mere mask, assumed by a man of extreme urbanity and most polished converse. It was a pleasure to hear such exquisite English spoken with so rich intonation. Apart from his mother tongue, he spoke French, as was acknowledged, to perfection, and was familiar with the best Italian authors. Of temperate habits, he kept his health to the last. I saw him in the saddle a few weeks before his death: he was then over eighty, yet he bestrode his steed with all the ease and grace of an accomplished cavalier. At all times an excellent horseman, he shewed me, at Beauport, his stud of fourteen horses, any one of which, he said, would come at his call; and strongly reprobated anything like cruelty in the treatment of these intelligent animals. In emergencies, his prompt decision and energy were well-known. Once, when riding through the streets of Montreal, during the time of the rebellion, he came upon a gathering of the disaffected, who were being harangued by some furious demagogue. After listening for a few minutes, he seized the orator by the collar, and rode off, with the culprit hanging at his saddle-bow. At the affair of St. Eustache he was badly wounded by the rebels, who had taken refuge in

the church,—the last place, by the way, where one would expect to find them. In his law-suits,—and he had several,—he was now and then excited to volcanic bursts of emotion, and I have heard him make forcible allusion, in tones of thunder, to the “blood-hounds of the law.” He became a Member of the Legislature, and Adjutant General of the Militia. Yet with all his talents, his active disposition, and varied accomplishments, he seemed to the last, a disappointed man, seldom harmonizing with his fellows, standing somewhat apart from them, meeting adverse criticism with polished scorn. So, as time passed by, his declining years appeared to darken with a growing misanthropy and bitterness of soul, as if he inwardly resented the Nemesis of fate, and the unkindness of those with whom he was brought in contact.

Of a somewhat similar type, though of more convivial habits, was his contemporary, Stewart Derbyshire, a thorough man of the world, profoundly good-natured, of refined taste in art, an English gentleman of the old school, with a punctilious sense of honor, and its requirements. Something of a “gastronome,” he delighted in seeing his friends about him at dinner, and was wont to indulge in manifold “*sales et Gacetae*.” I recollect once, the conversation having turned

on Burns' song: "Willie brewed," and the lines: "Wha first beside his chair shall fa, he shall be king of all us three," he turned upon me with the query, "and by what title would he be king?"—"Why, sir, why?"—I gave it up. "*Jure de vino*, of course."

Of the rebellion of 1837, '38, I have not much to say. The story has been told by others. Discontent had been for some time brewing, political grievances were said to exist, and the troubles were fanned into flame by unscrupulous demagogues. There was much destitution and misery in some of the lower districts. In the parish of Trois Pistoles alone, the Reverend Curé reported there were twelve hundred persons in a state of destitution. Indignation meetings were held at St. Ours, St. Laurent, Berthier, and elsewhere. Why these supposed wrongs should have led to an armed insurrection, it is hard to say; as all of them, or at least all that had any solid foundation, were removed by Statute some years later, and would doubtless have been rectified at an earlier date, but for this unfortunate outbreak. If rebellion be the last resort against unyielding tyranny, here, assuredly, there were no grounds of complaint at all commensurate with the extent and savage spirit of the rising. I may owe my neighbor a debt which is fairly due, but this

would scarcely justify him in trying to burn my house down and take my life. The revolt in Canada had been long meditated. The notorious Ninety-two Resolutions passed the Quebec House in March, 1834. In November following, Louis Joseph Papineau was elected for the West Ward of Montreal, amid immense excitement. I have conversed with those who saw him escorted to the polls by one of the hired bullies of his party, Montferrant, a man of huge bulk and stature. His address to the Electors was characterized by the London Morning Advertiser as a "mighty mass of words, every line of which breathed assassination, rebellion and treason." I heard the great agitator speak in the House, some time afterwards,—a man of fine presence, large-chested, with a clear, resonant voice, and great power of invective. Among the populace, the ill-feeling found vent in acts of violence. Stones were thrown at the barrack-windows, and several soldiers of the 79th Regiment were badly beaten. The same troubles occurred in Montreal. In February, 1835, the Collector of Customs at Quebec, Henry Jessop, having declined to transmit certain Returns to the House,—not feeling himself authorized to give them without the requisition of the Governor,—was imprisoned in the common jail, by warrant of

the Speaker. While in durance, he was visited by most of the leading men in town. He was released a month afterwards, at the close of the Session.

It is a relief to turn from these displays of civic rancour to the kindly interchange of good feeling between those of different creeds. At the close of 1835, a deputation of the Protestant inhabitants of the city waited on the Reverend Father McMahon, pastor of the newly-erected St. Patrick's Church, with a donation of upwards of £200, raised among themselves, to be applied as to the purchase of an organ. The Rev. Father, in terminating his reply said: "I shall conclude with the assurance that while I deeply appreciate this most generous donation, I am free to declare that I set an infinitely higher value on the good will and friendship of the generous donors." The charity of this good priest was indeed very active. He was the main arbiter and adviser of the Irish immigrants, who were then beginning to arrive in large numbers. I have many times seen him, on his doorsteps, giving audience to a crowd of applicants, encouraging some, censuring others, and with a word of good advice for every one. The Church was opened on the memorial day of the patron Saint. I recollect that the services concluded

with a vigorous singing of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," swelled by the accompaniment of the new organ.

About this time, the St. George's Society was formed and had its first anniversary dinner. Its meetings were held in Payne's Hotel, Palace Street, afterwards kept by the younger Hoffman. The first president was Mr. Wm. Price, who was succeeded, in 1837, by Mr. Patton. Both my father and myself occasionally attended these festive gatherings. I remember his singing "The Death of Wolfe"—("In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat")—and later on, after the arrival of the Coldstream Guards, Captain Mundy created something of a sensation, by singing the well-known Anacreontic,—

"But d . . . their eyes, if ever they tries,

"To rob a poor man of his beer."

Of a less pleasant nature were the public judicial punishments, which sometimes met the eye. In 1832, I saw, for the first and last time, in the market-place in front of the church of "*Notre Dame des Victoires*," in the Lower Town, a man in the pillory. There was a large crowd. No missiles were thrown, but the scene was sufficiently grotesque and humiliating. More serious were the scenes attendant on carrying out the death-sentence. The "Suitor" family, set-

tlers in Megantic, were tried in 1834 for murder, the outcome of some quarrels with their neighbors. Chief Justice Sewell, before whom the case was tried, remarked, in his charge to the jury, "that every accomplice was as guilty as though his finger were on the trigger." Some shockingly bad language on the part of the prisoners came out in the course of the evidence, and it seemed strange to hear the venerable judge, in his summing up, repeat all this with scrupulous accuracy. The defence of the elder Suitor, the father, was simply a rambling appeal for sympathy in view of the hardships of a settler's life. He and his two sons were found guilty, but the eldest son alone was executed. The sentence was carried out on the 4th of April. He held up well until the last moment, when his knees seemed to fail him. It was a pitiful sight. Develin, who was hanged two years afterwards, on the 8th April, also for murder, stood straight and immoveable as a rock, from beginning to end. But the saddest of all these painful scenes was the death of young Meehan, in 1864, who had killed some associate in a quarrel. I was passing by at the time and saw it from below John Street. It was a bright clear morning in the early Spring (22nd March), and as the sun shone on the doomed man, I could see, though

some distance away, the breath rising from his lips, in the calm, cool air. A priest stood by his side, and offered the last consolations of religion. Then he spoke himself, and alluded, as we learnt afterwards, to his "doleful end." He was youthful and good-looking, and with a ruddy complexion and ingenuous countenance; and it seemed hard that the life of one who had scarcely entered on manhood should be thus abruptly closed by his fellow-men. When the priest left his side, poor Meehan collapsed utterly. He tottered, and his knees almost touched the scaffold. The Reverend Father, waving the executioner back, returned to him immediately, held him up, and sustained him; seeming to comfort and strengthen him with whispered words of encouragement. Leaving him then, Meehan met his fate calmly.

The disloyal feeling which, kept alive by the fostering care of their leaders, had smoldered so long throughout the length and breadth of the land, broke out into open revolt in 1837, after the closing of navigation. It was the year of the Accession, and much of the French Press teemed with the coarsest abuse of the youthful Sovereign. The well-affected part of the community took up arms. The aid of drill sergeants was invoked, and "awkward squads" were put

through their facings. The portly and corpulent merchants of the Lower Town went through the mysteries of the "goose-step," side by side with their juniors. The commercial clerks attended their offices for an hour in the morning, and afterwards went to drill. Ordinary business was suspended. The port being closed, munitions of war were rather scarce. The government armoury was ransacked for antiquated arms. The "Queen's pets," a body of merchant seamen, were supplied with horse-pistols of enormous size. Having myself to procure a sword on obtaining a Commission in the Engineer Rifles, in February, 1838, I had to content myself with a Dutch naval sword, not quite of regulation pattern. In Quebec, the services of the volunteers were mainly defensive, and confined to the city, although they offered to serve wherever wanted. On New Year's day, the entire volunteer force, mustering some three thousand men, marched through Grande Allée, De Salaberry Street, and the St. Foy Road. They were also frequently called on to furnish picquets at various points, sometimes at the Parliament House, and occasionally at the Citadel, as the regiments of the line had been sent West. The winter was cold and stormy, but there was always abundance of volunteers for sentries, or any outside duty.

On one occasion, after drill in the Cavalry shed, near the old Château, Captain Young informed us, that the weather being somewhat inclement, it was thought that the disaffected might possibly make a demonstration, and he invited all who were willing, to remain under arms all night. The entire company rushed forward with a ringing cheer. But the disaffected, in general, kept very quiet within the city, though there were isolated acts of violence. In November, Messrs. Caron, Lindsay and McCord were badly beaten on returning from a meeting of the Officers of the Volunteer Artillery, at the Albion Hotel, but there were no open displays, or ostentatious parades, such as those of the "Sons of Liberty," in the vicinity of Montreal. We heard of the great Rebel meeting at St. Charles, in October, where a column was erected, with an inscription, in honor of Papineau to which the young men marched in procession, laying their hands upon it, and swearing eternal fidelity to their country. This was rather an improvement on the youthful Hannibal of Carthage, swearing eternal enmity to Rome, as depicted in the great picture of Benjamin West. Some arrests were made in the city,—among others Mr. Legaré, the artist, and Mr. Chesseur, of the Museum, who were committed for sedition by that inde-

fatigable magistrate, Robert Symes. They were afterwards brought before the Chief Justice, and by him admitted to bail. The city gates were now closed, every night, at eight o'clock, and were kept shut till gun-fire in the morning, the wickets remaining open till later. The city banks, taking alarm, removed their Specie to the Citadel. Many private individuals, my father among the number, had much of their furniture carted within the city walls.

Among those who appear to have been in town about this time, was Mr. T. S. Brown, afterwards "General Brown," of the insurgent army, who fled before Wetherall at St. Charles. At least I found some of his books left for sale at Thomas Cary's book-store. Among these was a copy of Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus, and an illustrated edition of Don Quixote. He appears to have been a man of some education.

But the drama was now drawing rapidly to a close. In November, Colonel Gore was repulsed at St. Denis. The cruel murder of Lieutenant Weir, while a prisoner, followed. Colonel Wetherall was more fortunate at St. Charles. In December, General Colborne moved from Montreal on St. Eustache and St. Benoit, and was everywhere successful. All danger from the Rebellion appeared to be now at an end.

The year 1838 seemed to open on old Quebec under happier auspices. A large force of regulars was now in garrison. The great strain was over. In February, a Thanksgiving-day was appointed by Proclamation for the "termination of the late Rebellion." In April, the eight companies of the Volunteer Light Infantry, and the Quebec Artillery, were disbanded. The youthful Queen, whose accession had been signalized by a Colonial insurrection, had now the satisfaction of seeing the clouds dispersed and quiet restored. That there was no outbreak in the city itself, before the arrival of the troops, was indubitably owing to the firm attitude maintained by the citizen-soldiers of the town, who volunteered on all sides. But to these loyal men, who gave up their time and convenience to the exigencies of the hour, there was awarded, either then or thereafter, no word of thanks, no faintest expression of gratitude, from the newly-seated Queen or her advisers. From the sacred lips of Majesty there came no syllable of gratulation or approval to those who had so long held in Her name the walls of the ancient fortress, and had successfully maintained Her authority at a very serious crisis. So far from this, the insurgents were indemnified for their losses, positions of power and profit were given to their

leaders, and the prime agitator of the revolt was afterwards paid by the Home Government his salary in full as Speaker of the Quebec House, for the time elapsed from his flight, at the commencement of the rising, to that of his eventual re-emergence into public notice. A weak and pitiful policy of conciliation; and one which, if we may judge from subsequent events, has utterly failed of its intended object.

Remarkable, too, is this cowardly treatment of the loyalists when contrasted with the honors heaped in after years on the Ontario Militia, at the close of the half-breed Rebellion in the sparsely peopled solitudes of Manitoba and the North-West: yet, this was but a "tempest in a tea-pot," compared with the large proportions of that organized disaffection which threatened the crowded districts and wealthy cities of the East. It has become the fashion, among the friends of the old insurrection, to speak of it as a mere political blunder, and of the Rebels themselves as "Patriots." These are the utterances of that covert disloyalty which thinks what it dare not act. The apotheosis of those, who would fain have "let slip the dogs of war," and brought wide-spread suffering on the land, seems scarcely conceivable. The Rebellion was more than a mistake, it was a crime. Even its encomiasts

must admit that its recoil was injurious to themselves alone. It delayed all remedial legislation. It made the Special Council a necessity. It postponed for years the adjustment of all real or imaginary wrongs.

In the month of June, 1838, we had a squadron of warships at anchor in the harbor. Notable among these was the *Pique*, a heavily armed frigate of forty-six guns, with rounded stern; the *Inconstant*, of the same class; the *Andromache* of 28 guns; also the large line-of-battle-ships, of seventy-four guns; the *Hastings*, the *Malabar*, the *Hercules*, and the *Cornwallis*. Vice-admiral Paget had his flag hoisted on the last of these. These were all wooden ships, of course, the era of iron had not yet dawned. They were all, the frigates especially, beautiful models; and one could not look without admiration on their tall masts and lofty spars. During the bright days of summer, boats, with visiting parties, were constantly putting off from shore, to be most hospitably received. Immense was the wonder excited by those formidable batteries on board,—the *Nordenfeldt* guns on deck, and the heavier cannon below. The decks were smooth and spotless as the floor of a ball-room; the massive yard-arms above, the vast spread of canvas, when the sails were occasionally shaken

out, and the distinctive war-pennants that streamed out aloft, all seemed fresh and fair as a vision, yet, in their strength and beauty, not unworthy of a power that claimed to be mistress of the seas.

It was on a September evening, in the same year, that I saw Lord Brougham burnt in effigy in the Place d'Armes, amid an immense multitude and much excitement. His lordship's ill-natured censure of Lord Durham had aroused much unfavorable comment. The lay-figure was a capital imitation of the original, wig and costume complete. Mr. Ford, a well-known citizen, administered a vigorous parting kick, as his lordship was committed to the flames.

The presence of the naval officers of the squadron gave, as may be imagined, an additional zest to the many social gatherings in the pleasant old town. "Country-parties," as they were termed, were organized in all directions. The jolly midshipmen were favorites everywhere, while the older officers were the subject of much careful angling on the part of the more sober-minded spinsters and their anxious mamas. Quebec, too, is fortunate in possessing, within a moderate circuit of environment, many delightful localities for an occasional visit. On the North side at a few leagues distance, is Lake St.

Charles, a fine sheet of water,—a double lake in fact, shaped like an hour-glass,—with Madame Verret's comfortable house of reception standing, at that time, at the narrows, and stretching away Northward to the base of the Laurentides. The sister lake, that of Beauport, lying more to the East; Indian Lorette, and the older village of the same name; all these, on the same side, had their full complement of visitors; while, on the South side of the St. Lawrence, the Chaudière Falls, the village of New Liverpool, and the heights of Point Levis, received, also, an ample share of patronage. It was no uncommon sight, on those midsummer mornings, to see a string of twenty or thirty old-fashioned *calèches* descending the Côte St. George's, on the North slope of the city, in search, like Dr. Syntax, of the picturesque. I like to think of those bright sunny days, with their accompaniments and surroundings, the magnificent scenery, the rich luxuriance of foliage, the many happy faces, the songs and laughter, and the mildly Bacchic character of the entire revelry. I remember, too, the splendid fishing to be had, in those years, along the valley of St. Charles. Mr. Richard Nettle, the Inspector of Fisheries, in the early fifties, has assured me that he had taken salmon at the Falls of Lorette, only a few miles from town:

and many of the mountain-streams afforded excellent trout fishing. On one occasion, in company with Mr. Gilbert Griffin, a son of Dr. Griffin of the 32d, I had a few days delighted fishing in the River Huron, a stream discharging into the Upper lake St. Charles. We waded up stream, from the lake, for several miles, and the many turns of the river, among those mountain solitudes, seemed to bring a new landscape before us every few minutes. The unsophisticated trout of those regions, in their ignorance of man and his wiles, took the fly with eagerness, and rapidly filled our baskets. At night we slept in some old hunter's cabin, and heard innumerable stories of stirring incidents and "hair-breath escapes." It was a most pleasant excursion.

In those days, the exodus to salt water, during the hot months, was by no means universal. The means of travel were few, and not so convenient as now. The majority contented themselves with going to some of the surrounding villages, Ste. Foye, St. Ambroise, Charlesbourg, or Ancienne Lorette. With my old friend Jerry Leaycraft and his relatives I had many enjoyable jaunts of this kind to a house on the Ste. Foye Road, nearly opposite the church, where the family had engaged lodgings for the season. It was in 1835, I remember, that we both talked over the

prospect of forming a Debating Club in the city, a project which, with the co-operation of Mr. Daniel Wilkie, a nephew of my old teacher, was forthwith carried into effect. We met in the Chien d'or building, over Mr. Thomas Cary's, now the site of the Post Office. Among the members were Messrs. Colthurst, Dr. J. Graddon, C. C. Sheppard, McTaggart, Jno. McKirdy, Wm. Walker, junr., Jon. C. Clapham, Jackson, Thos. Cary (a nephew of the elder T. C.), Paul Lepper, Frank Colley, H. S. Scott, A. J. Maxham, W. J. Welch, Wm. White, Colin Bruce, H. A. Wickstead, and, later, Frank D. Tims, and Willan. I was not with the Club in its latter days, having left for Kingston in 1841, but it lasted, I believe, till late in the forties. I recollect that Halley's great comet, a magnificent spectacle, flamed in the North as we went to the place of meeting, during the first winter. Some of the members attained considerable fluency; and all must have profited by an occasional "reading up" of the subject for discussion.

This old Chien d'or building, or Freemasons' Hall, was occupied by Thos. Cary & Co., proprietors of the Quebec Mercury, for thirty years, up to 1845. It was also a famous "locus standi" for auctioneers. G. D. Balzarette, Alexander Farquhar, and George Fntvoye, held their sales here,

on the lower flat. Here, also, several notables lectured, as the Rev. M. Wilkie, on Hydrostatics, Dr. McCanley, on Moral Philosophy, Mr. Burke, on phrenology; and in November and December of 1835, a course of most interesting lectures on Anatomy was given by Doctors James Douglas and Alfred Jackson. I enjoyed these evenings thoroughly, though the lectures themselves were of course mainly intended for medical students. There was much of dry humor about Dr. Douglas. In commenting on the fatty protuberances of the ischiatic region in the Hottentot, at the base of the pelvis, he remarked that some thought this was intended to enable the Hottentot to sit at his ease and admire the works of creation! To illustrate the peristaltic motion of the larger intestine, he actually had a cat caught and killed in the neighborhood, while the lecture was going on. Poor puss was then, in a twinkling, duly dissected and presented to the audience, with an expression of regret for the "venerable spinster" who would see her tabby no more! In his remarks on the vascular system, he alluded to the many theories put forward to explain the use of the spleen, and observed that some had thought it had no use at all! Had the worthy Doctor lived to the present day, he might possibly have expressed himself more de-

finitely. Dr. Andrew Wilson, in Harper's Magazine for June 1896, informs us that the leucocytes, or white blood-corpuscles, are produced in the spleen, and have an independent life, pushing their ways through the walls of capillary blood-vessels and passing into the tissues, there to envelop and devour, like the amoeba, all alien matters that threaten the welfare of the body. Similar views, it is said, were entertained by Dr. Augustus Walker in 1846.

About this time, in view of possible trouble, the Constitutional Association was formed under the presidency of Andrew Stuart, a leading barrister. This was in Jan. 1836. The great National Societies also made their appearance. The first president of the St. George's Society was the Hon. Mr. Price, with Mr. William Patton as Senior Vice-president, and Robert Symes as treasurer. The three sister Associations marched together, for the first time, to St. Patrick's Church, on the 17th March, at the invitation of the sons of St. Patrick, a custom kept up for several years afterwards. These processions were of rather imposing character, the large silken banners and the regalia of the officers giving picturesqueness to the scene. The day was generally terminated by a dinner at the Albion Hotel, Palace Street.

But midst all the political stir and bustle of the time the interests of science and literature were not forgotten. The Literary and Historical Society, founded by Lord Dalhousie in 1834, met in the Union Building, Place d'Armes. It was here that I heard Dr. James Sewell deliver his lecture on Respiration. Mr. Valentine Daintry, a young man of remarkable talent, an official in the Post Office Department, gave a lecture on the undulatory theory of light, and another on the Aurora Borealis. Later, in 1841, they had removed to the Parliament Building, and in the early part of that year, having been elected a Member three years before, I had the pleasure of reading, though with fear and trembling, my first paper on the History of Alchemy. Among the "grave and reverend Seigniors" who at that time held office, I recollect the Hon. A. W. Cochran, the Hon. Wm. Sheppard of Woodfield, Lieut. Baddely, Captain Bayfield, R. N., Dr. J. C. Fisher, Mr. A. Campbell, Queen's Notary, and the Rev. Dr. Wilkie. It required no little courage, in a comparative youngster, to face veterans like these. There were giants in those days. The fortunes of the Society, then in its prime, seem to have fluctuated with the flight of years. In 1851, ten years later, when I returned from Montreal, I found the "personnel" wholly

changed. The meetings were then attended by Dr. Russell, Thulcke the artist, Samuel Sturton, Dr. E. A. Meredith, Lieuts. Savage, Noble, Rankin, and Ashe, H. S. Bingham, Mr. D. Wilkie of the High School, and Captain John McDougall, who had navigated the Steamer Royal William across the Atlantic. But I missed the kindly face of my old friend and teacher, the Rev. Dr. Wilkie, who had died in May of this year, shortly before my arrival. In his career as Instructor, well-informed as he was in all the ordinary branches of school-teaching, the bent of his mind was, I think, essentially mathematical. I remember his maintaining, at one of the Society's meetings, that the property of a man who owed a hundred pounds, and had nothing, might be algebraically expressed by — (minus) 100. Mr. Daintry demurred, holding that a new attribute or quality had been brought forward, and remarking "you would not, sir, speak of a well as being minus thirty feet high?" I was informed by his friends that he had retained his faculties almost to the last: his memory having alone failed, a premonition in most cases of approaching dissolution. Lovers of Eastern lore, will recollect the exclamation of the dying Dasaratha in the Yajnadattabadha.

"My sight grows dark. My memory is
(disturbed.)"

A fine touch of Nature. But despite this failing, I was told that there were some things he remembered to the last. Among these was the twenty-third Psalm, an especial favorite of his. Those dying lips, when all else was forgotten, were still heard to repeat the solemn words : "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want..... "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Doubtless those fine old Psalms have been a comfort to many. Lord Sydenham, who died at Kingston in 1841, begged a short time before his death, that the twenty-fifth Psalm might be read to him, and repeated several of the verses with affecting fervor. This was told me by the Rev. Dr. Adamson, who was with him at the time.

In 1853, the meetings of the Society were transferred for a time, from the Parliament Buildings to the City Hall. It was here that I heard, in the early months of that year, a paper by Dr. Meredith on Talfourd's Tragedy of *Ton*, and one by Lieut. Savage on the Greek Drama. In February 1854, the Legislative Building was destroyed by fire, and with it perished the Museum of the Society, together with its records and great part of the library. The meetings were then held, for a brief period, over a store

at the corner of St. Louis and St. Ursula Streets. Here I heard a paper read by Lient. Ranken, on Fortifications. Bishop Mountain, who was present, remarked that he had "stumbled on a rather warlike subject." Lord Bury was also present. In 1861, I attended the meetings then held in an upper flat over B. Sinclair's bookstore, in St. John Street, where I heard a paper read by G. G. Dunlevie, on the Ionian Isles. In October 1862, the Society was again burnt out, and the library almost wholly destroyed. A removal was then effected to Free-Masons' Hall, at the corner of St. Louis and Garden Streets; whence, in 1868, the last remove was made to the Morrin College building, on St. Stanislas Hill, the present 'habitat' of the Association. During all these years I had the pleasure of reading several papers at the stated meetings.

As respects Music and the Drama, I find it noted that Miss Hill, from London, a blind singer, arrived during the summer of 1838. She took apartments on Mountain Hill, where I had the pleasure of hearing her sing, in magnificent style, "Rory O'More" and "The Four-leaved Shamrock." Her voice was singularly rich and powerful. The deprivation of sight never seemed to affect her unvarying cheerfulness, and, accompanied by her companion, a young lady who

served as "her eyes," she visited the Falls of Montmorency and several points of interest in and about the city. She gave several concerts in Quebec, and was universally respected. Subsequently in 1840 she took part in the musical service performed in Trinity Chapel on St. George's day, declining, "as an English-woman", to receive any remuneration. The Seguins gave their first concert, assisted by Mr. Latham, in September 1839. They gave another concert in August 1840, which I attended. It was a rich treat to hear them give the famous duo, "Sir, a Secret", "We're a' Noddin", and the 'Laughing Trio'. They were assisted on this occasion by Mr. Horncastle. I heard them a few years afterwards, in Montreal, at the Hayes Theatre, in *Norma*, the *Bohemian Girl*, and the *Barber of Seville*. La Borghese, an Italian lady, sang at the Albion Hotel; as did also, at a later date, the veteran Braham, of world-wide celebrity. I heard him at the last concert which he gave in Quebec, in August 1841. He was advanced in years but seemed to retain all his vocal powers. "Age could not wither him"—he wore a wig, but shewed no other sign of old age. In singing the "Bay of Biscay", his dramatic acting, and the powerful resonance of his voice in giving "A sail, a sail!" added much to the effect. I recollect the rich

sweetness of his "Farewell my Trim-built Wherry", the last stanza of which was subdued almost to a whisper; yet the expression and vocalization were perfect. While singing "A Man's a Man for a' that", he, as well as the audience, was surprised by a rather unusual incident, the close of the first stanza being greeted by a burst of applause from the adjoining passage and corridors, where the assembled servitors of the hotel expressed, in this way, their approval of the sentiment. But I must not omit mention of celebrated Rainer family of Tyrolese, who gave their first concert, also at the Albion, in July 1840, appearing in their national costume. I did not see them on this occasion; but during their stay they were invited to sing at Morton Lodge, on the Ste. Foye Road, the residence of Mr. T. A. Stayner. On their return to town, they passed slowly by our residence, "York Cottage", near the toll-gate. It was a beautiful summer evening, they were seated in an open carriage, and singing one of their national songs. We all of us listened, "Lapped in Elysium", to those delicious harmonies, that seemed like the Song of Silenus greeting the departing day. There was one voice, a baritone, of exquisite sweetness and power. None could hear, unmoved, so entrancing a melody. The deep repose around seem to add to the charm. It

was a delightful episode, never to be forgotten.

Many have been the changes, since then, in that neighborhood. The famous fifty-acre field then extended as an unbroken pasturage from the Ste. Foye Road to the Grande Allée, and thither the cattle of the Ursuline Nuns were driven, every morning, to graze. There were a few small marshes in it. Our neighbor, James Lane, shot over this ground, and occasionally a few snipe were bagged. In the centre of the field was a small green thicket, almost impervious, in which some of the large white horned owls were wont to lodge at times. I killed a very fine one, to be stuffed, which stood over two feet in height. I have heard of people having lost their way, during the heavy mists of autumn, in this extensive tract. It is now in great part built over, and laid out into streets, Maple Avenue passing centrally through it. Facing this field, on the North side of the Ste. Foye, was another vacant tract, extending Northward to the brow of the hill separating the town from St. Roch's. In this tract I have played cricket in my school-days; and in the late 'twenties' I have seen two or three large grey eagles flying over the summit of the hill-slope to the North. Here too, Ste. Foye Road is now lined, on both sides, with dwelling houses. On these fields, and in their

vicinity, there was usually, in those years, a great turn out of amateur sportsmen when the enormous flocks of wild-pigeons took their annual summer flight over Quebec and its neighborhood. These birds flew high and in immense masses, like lofty moving clouds. Every one, young and old, who could handle a gun, seemed to be there; though from the elevated flight of these migratory visitors, it was not easy to do much execution. It was a wonderful sight to see these birds pass, in serried ranks and squares, for hours together, over a running fire of sportsmen below. But in after years, frightened perhaps by the warmth of their reception, they flew more inland.

Opposite the fifty-acre field, on the Grande Allée, was the well-known race course, which for many years, conjointly with the regatta in the harbour, attracted a multitude of visitors, during the summer holidays. Crowds of carriages lined the course, and the proceedings were enlivened by the inspiriting "calls" of the military buglers, who were generally on hand. The great race between Timoleon and Filho, in 1833, won by the latter, created immense enthusiasm. Here also, on the plains of Abraham, the grand reviews took place. It was a splendid sight to see three or four of the crack regiments of the line

manoeuvring or marching past. In those days, the pioneers, stalwart men, with axes and leather jerkins, marched in the van; a fogleman gave the time and emphasized the word of command. The light companies wore knee-caps, and the rank and file, generally, appeared in pants of spotless white. Rifles were not then in vogue, but during the thirties, I was told, were served out, in limited quantities, to the non-commissioned officers. I may mention here that rifles were in use during the West India campaign of 1805-1810. They were muzzle-loaders, of course, and the ball was driven home by a wooden mallet. The regattas also formed part of the holiday-curriculum. The Guards, on their arrival, took part in them; and I was witness to a well contested race which they won from the Quebec Rowing Club, among whose members were A. J. Maxham, James and George Gillespie and John Gordon, Mr. James George, a well-known Quebec merchant, appeared on this occasion, navigating with a double-headed paddle, an Esquimaux Caiac, a canoe of skins, and closed round the waist.

On high-days and holidays, the brow of these plains, overlooking the St. Lawrence, was always a favorite promenade. During the summer the harbour was generally crowded with

shipping; and it was pleasant to hear the rhythmic songs of the crews, softened by distance, while engaged in loading or discharging their various cargoes. At the present day, the savage exclusiveness of the modern ship-laborers union, with their murderous proclivities, has put an end to all this. Songs and shipping seem to have departed together; dull times have come; and the glory of the great trading-port is a thing of the past!

The Grande Allée, being the highway leading from Quebec to Cap-Rouge, is known, outside the city limits, as the Cap-Rouge Road. Half-way between these two places, on the South side of the Road, stood the building known as "Hamel's", a long, low, wooden structure, in much request as a rendez-vous for picnics and winter country-parties. These last generally consisted of twenty or thirty couples driving from town in carioles; and, with fine weather and good roads, the drive there and back, on a clear starlit night, was wont to be one of the chief attractions of the gathering. The rooms were delightfully large and pleasant and the dressing-rooms neat and tidy. Dancing was kept up till midnight to the music of violinists from the city,—Sauvageau or Hunt,—and an excellent supper of substantials was then in order, an episode

highly relished by the seniors. I have met many of the "*jeunesse dorée*" of the town,—mostly merchant's clerks and young lawyers,—at these parties which were most enjoyable. All seemed pleased, and there was a general absence of ceremony. During the Winter of 1838-39, several officers of the Guards, then in garrison, were present.

The other main highway, leading to the city, was the St. Foye Road, a very ancient and quaint-looking thoroughfare, especially that part within the banlieu, or town-limits. The houses were mostly small and of wood. Many had covered galleries in front. About half way to town there stood on the South side, on the roof of one of these buildings, an enormous wooden figure of Jupiter grasping his thunder-bolts, the work of some native artist. Nearly opposite was a small tenement with a mineral spring of deliciously cool saline water. It was pleasant, in the hot summer weather, to quaff a glass of this icy and refreshing drink. Many citizens patronised this establishment. I have several times met Dr. James Sewell there. This was in the early "thirties". West of this, and a little back from the road, stood a large building, a hospital, I believe, with a sun-dial in front, surmounted by the inscription, "*Dies nostra sicut umbra*". It

has long since disappeared. Its position was somewhere in the rear of the present St. John's Church. There was a long space of open ground about it, separated from the road by a low fence. The Ste. Foye Road, within the limits, was here known as St. John Street "without", being a continuation of the city-street of that name, and running through the populous suburb of St. John. The doors and windows of these dwellings were generally open in summer; the tenants seemed content to enjoy the "*dolce far niente*"; the frequent sounds of a violin floated outwards, mingled with the laughter of many tongues. Life, to these "insoucians", seemed a carnival of perpetual sunshine. Here and there, some dark-eyed brunette looked out at the window, anxious to see and be seen; while the old men, the elders of the people, with white hair and venerable aspect, played draughts on the open balconies, or clustered in cheerful converse; as in the "Maccabees",—"The aged men sat in the streets communing together of good things". Some of these latter, of large and stately build, might have served as models of Olympian Jove. Nor were the loom and spindle wanting.

The small rooms within, judging from an occasional glimpse, seemed the perfection of neatness, with their quaint old furniture and pic-

tures of Saints on the walls. Alas, that this should come to an end! But Father Time is remorseless. All this was swept away, at one fell swoop, by the great fire of June 28, 1845, which destroyed thirteen hundred houses. After a time the old buildings were replaced by more solid structures. Shops and stores of considerable pretensions appeared. The street became lined with modern tenements of two and three stories. An air of importance prevailed the entire locality. But the charm of those quaint old houses, as they stood of yore, with all their songs and merriment and light-hearted gaiety, has passed away, for ever.

One of the most remarkable of the many fires from which Quebec has suffered, was that of the Château St. Louis, which was burnt in mid-winter,—on the 23rd January, 1834. The day was clear and fine, but intensely cold, the thermometer marking eleven or twelve degrees below zero. The fire commenced at about nine in the morning, and lasted all day, burning downwards from the upper story. An immense crowd was collected on the spacious Place d'Armes, but nothing could be done. Heated water was obtained, but froze in the hose-pipes. By sunset the entire building was a ruin, and nothing but blackened walls remained of the famous old

Château, the scene of so many festivities in the days of old. Not a vestige of the historic relic is now to be seen, its site being covered by the Durham platform. Within a stone's throw of the Château, to the North-west, formerly stood an unpretending structure, used in 1837 as a drill-shed, and afterwards as a Theatre. It was destroyed by fire in the summer of 1846, while crowded to witness a scenic representation, with the loss of forty-six lives. The large building in the vicinity, fronting on the Place d'Armes, and now the Normal School, was used for Government offices in the early fifties. In these I have frequently seen some of the notables who figured largely in the old-time insurrection, — Dr. Rolph, A. N. Morin, W. L. Mackenzie, and others. The two first-named were successively, in the order given, Commissioners of Crown Lands.

In the following year (1835), I met young Hemans, a son of the poetess, at one of the Quebec entertainments. It was at an evening-reception given at the residence of Mrs. James Hunt, in the Lower town. He was at that time a student at Bowdoin College, Massachusetts, and had been invited to Quebec, during the vacation, by William Morrin, a fellow student, and son of Dr. Joseph Morrin, for many years a well-known

medical practitioner of the city. Young Hemans was of somewhat delicate appearance, thin and slightly built, rather undersized, of calm and thoughtful aspect, quiet and reserved in manner.

In 1840, the celebrated traveller and journalist, James Silk Buckingham, gave lectures on Egypt and Palestine, in the Court House and Theatre Royal,—a man of dignified presence, as well as an accomplished and pleasing speaker. In his lecture on Palestine he remarked that our knowledge of the age of trees was yet in its infancy, and that it was possible that many of the trees were yet living under whose shadow the Saviour had rested during his wanderings. In referring to the appearance of an Oriental crowd, he observed that it possessed a pictorial charm, from the gay colors and flowing outlines of the varied costumes, whereas, in the West there was a monotonous uniformity of dark-color stiff attire, and the hats worn scarcely differed a quarter of an inch in brim, from one another. He spoke in an easy, conversational manner, apparently without notes, and extempore.

Two years afterwards, in 1842, Quebec was visited by another celebrity, of world-wide renown, Charles Dickens, the novelist. I had seen him, previously, at Kingston, where he lodged at

J. H. Daly's Hotel. On leaving that place for Montreal, he came down, in the early morning, to the wharf where the steamer lay, and shook hands with several who were introduced to him. A considerable crowd was collected to witness his departure; and on going on board he was considerate enough to stand on the hurricane deck, where he remained for some time, conversing with the Captain, so that all might have a good look at him. It was said that, while at the hotel, several young men of the town donned a waiter's garb, in order to see him, a moment, while taking his ease. He was accompanied by his wife, a youthful blonde, rather stout, with blue eyes, and of unpretending and charming manner.

In later days, 1863, on the occasion of Bishop Williams' Consecration, another visitor came, of sterling personality, John Strachan, Bishop of Toronto. It was with profound respect that I saw the aged prelate, then over eighty, moving with his brother-bishops slowly up the nave, somewhat feebly, and with his well-known rolling gait, but erect and defiant as ever. In the conflict of clamor which led to the iniquitous spoliation of the Clergy-Reserves, he stood forth as the unwavering champion of his church and her rights. He crossed the Atlantic; he left no stone unturned; he pleaded his cause, by petition

and memorial, before the Imperial Commons, and before the Legislature of Canada. He stood in the breach, one man against many, consecrating with unwearied energy all his great mental talent and bodily activity to the defence of his sacred palladium. It was all in vain. Yet may we not say that the results of this legislation have been altogether unfortunate? Like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, it has deadened the morality of the body politic; it has debased and darkened the sense of justice and equity; it has substituted expediency for right in the conduct of public affairs. To the Status of the Anglican Clergy it has been most injurious; inviting them to descend from the true to the acceptable, and inciting every pudding-headed parishioner to carp and cavil at his spiritual teacher.

At the time of Charles Dickens' visit, the travel between Quebec and Montreal was carried on by steam-boat in summer and by stage in winter, the Grand Trunk Railway not being opened till some twelve years later. The traverse from Quebec to Levis, in the "thirties" and early "forties" was effected by a horse-boat which was often driven by stress of tide or weather, some miles down the river. In winter it was performed by canoes, a voyage which required considerable skill and judgment, to avoid the floating

blocks and fields of ice. I have often, during the transit, admired the wonderful dexterity of the canoe-men, in avoiding danger, and finding an open channel. It was sometimes necessary for all hands to jump out, to allow the canoe to be dragged over the ice-field, and again launched in open water. I recollect on one occasion, when all had jumped out, some unfortunate passenger was found to have been left behind on the ice, when the canoe was again moving forward in the open channel. He was an old man, and we could see that he had fallen on his knees, in prayer, thinking, no doubt, that his last hour had come. We had some difficulty in getting the crew to go back for him, which they did with a seeming show of reluctance and some irreverent laughter, one of them remarking rather drily: "*Qu'est-ce que ça fait? Il ne vivra pas longtemps, quand même*"!

When I again visited Quebec, in 1864, after an absence of some years, I found that this primitive style of ferry had been given up, and that a stout little steamer was now employed on the traverse, prepared to do battle to all the inconveniences of winter, and able to cross at all times, save in exceptionally cold or stormy weather. From the removal of the seat of Government to Kingston, and thence to Montreal

(where it should always have remained), I found the Legislative Building then occupied as a City Exchange, with Mr. Rodgers in charge. This gentleman was the author of a projected history of Canada, which, however, was discontinued after the first volume. I met there, among others, an old acquaintance and school-fellow, Daniel Wilkie, a nephew of my former preceptor, and at that time one of the Professors of the High School, established a few years previously. I also met Mr. Kimlin, Editor of the Quebec Mercury, who had succeeded Mr. W. Kemble in that capacity. In driving round some of the old haunts, I was struck by the scene of desolation which the St. John suburb presented. This was the year following the great fire, and the acres upon acres of solitary chimneys, looking like monumental tomb-stones, had a most dreary appearance, the work of reconstruction having scarcely commenced.

The perambulatory system of Government having been adopted in consequence of the burning of the Parliament House in Montreal, by a Griffin-town mob, in 1849, the Legislature and public offices were brought down to Quebec in 1851. A few years afterwards, a very notable Ecclesiastic visited the town, His Eminence the Cardinal Bedini. A rather amusing incident occurred

at a levée which he gave. Several of the clerks of the Legislature attended, and were presented. These were announced by their official titles, "*Premier écrivain de la Chambre*", "*troisième écrivain*", and so on, through half a dozen presentations. Whereupon His Eminence remarked, in a clear and audible voice, but with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "*Mais, ce sont des personnages très distingués.*"

Sixty years ago, when the era of ocean-steamers had scarce commenced, and ocean-cables were not, it was considered a fair average if British advices reached Quebec in a month's time. Contemporary literature came to us, in great part, through the medium of cheap and unsightly American reprints; or, if in the form of novels, was largely supplied by such papers as the New York Albion, for some time edited by Dr. J. C. Fisher. In this paper appeared, in consecutive numbers, Captain Marryat's "Jacob Faithful" and "Peter Simple", Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log", and "Cruise of the Midge", Warren's "Diary of a late Physician", and others. The selection was always good, and the paper well printed. It was supplied to the citizens by Mr. Tardif, of the Court House staff. The Quebec "Star", in the early thirties, was edited by Rev. D. Wilkie. It bore the legend, "*Coelum non animum mutant,*

qui trans mare currunt"; and occasionally, not often, diverged into fiction. An episode from one of Warren's stories was given at full length,—that of the duel between Captain.....and Mr. Trevor,—in the "Diary". In 1837, appeared an attractive paper, the "Literary Transcript", edited by a lady of taste and talent, Mrs. Kershaw, assisted by her brother, Mr. T. Donoghue. It was pleasant to hear these kindly Sibylline utterances amid the din of political conflict. But the paper did not live long. The editress returned to Europe in 1839. It was continued for a few years, as the "Transcript", by Mr. Burke, and later by Mr. Willis, a brother of the noted *littérateur*. I believe that Mrs. Kershaw was cousin to Lady Ross, wife of Sir John, the Arctic voyager. She was also a relative of Rymer Jones, the naturalist. Apart from newspaper reading, there was also the book-store of Mr. Thomas Cary, at the Chien d'or, and that of Mr. Neilson, at the Salient angle of Mountain Hill.

During the long winters, commercial business in the Lower town was almost at a stand-still. The leading merchants, with their employees, devoted themselves, for several months, to social enjoyment. Sleigh-driving was a favorite amusement. A tandem-club was in existence, with a magnificent show of skins and robes. Evening

parties, for juniors, were of daily occurrence, and whist-playing for the seniors, assumed large proportions. The ordinary gatherings, for young people, were of very primitive character; the guests met at seven, danced till ten, and departed after a light supper. Snowshoeing was always popular, and so was sliding in small sleighs down the declivities of the town. Many a time, when at school, have I enjoyed this latter sport down Haldimand Street, with D. A. Ross, afterwards a Minister of the Local Government. Occasionally, too, the broad St. Lawrence "took", or became frozen, as a level flat, from side to side. Roads were then marked out, and quite a gay scene was presented, what with carioles crossing, bells jingling, huts and *cabanes* with flags flying, groups of people everywhere, and skating parties on the spaces of clear ice. The ice-bridge afforded, besides, an easy means of communication with Point Lévis, and the farmers of the South side brought over their produce. On one occasion, to secure a bridge, a Captain LeBreton was permitted to connect large floating pieces of ice by strong chains of iron. But the chains snapped like threads. Afterwards, when the ferry steamers traversed, the point of view changed, and the attempt was once made to break the ice, and prevent a bridge, by the explosion of dyna-

mite, but equally without success. The snow-shoe club, besides occasional races in the vicinity of the town, were wont to cross the Beauport ice, and rendez-vous at the Falls of Montmorency. The "Falls" was always a favorite resort both for the drive, and for the delightful sliding down the steep "cone", where the rush of wind, from the tremendous velocity attained, almost took one's breath away. There was some danger, from the clefts and air-holes in the ice, and I recollect that Mr. Josph Leaycraft, a son of the West India merchant, had an unpleasant experience of this kind. He stumbled into one of these apertures, but fortunately checked his descent before reaching the water, and was eventually drawn up by ropes.

The various elements of the Quebec community lived together at that time, so far as any difference of creed was concerned, in perfect peace and harmony. Religious disputes were scarcely heard of. The Roman Catholic Secular Clergy were then actuated, as I think, by milder and less exclusive sentiments than in later years. While at the Quebec Seminary, in 1832, I was treated with kindness and consideration. The Rev. Father McMahon was, himself, a man of active and genial liberality. It was not till after his death that the Gavazzi riot occurred. I saw Father

Gavazzi at the Wesleyan Church on Jail Hill, a few days before the outbreak. It was a fine summer evening; the Church-windows were open, and as I passed by, I could see his face and figure distinctly, as he addressed the meeting from the pulpit,—a man of stalwart build, with large expanded chest, and powerful voice. The riot itself, occurred at Zion Church, in Ste. Ursule Street, during an evening service. It had been thought that, there being no public display, a denominational church would be safe from interference. But it was not so, his discourse was interrupted by the words “that’s a lie”, and then “the row began”. There was a rush towards the pulpit, the reverend lecturer seized a chair, and being a man of muscle, the ruffians who attacked him got rather more than they bargained for. As they swarmed up the pulpit-stairs they were knocked right and left like flies, and Gavazzi, aided by his friends, managed to escape without a scratch. The only similar instance of intolerance that I remember was a demonstration against Chiniquy, several years later. Both these men were converts from Romanism. I was playing chess in the club-rooms, in John Street, at the time, when, a little after eight o’clock, “a roar like thunder shook the street”, and we rushed to the windows to see the cause of the tumult.

A raging mob filled the thoroughfare, and the air was heavy with angry denunciation. We could make out that they were waiting for Chiniquy, who had been lecturing at a small church outside John's gate, and was expected to pass that way. But the reverend Father was not so easily entrapped. Having an inkling, no doubt, of the intended reception, he went off by another road, and the mob withdrew, after a time, profoundly disgusted and disappointed.

Yet I would fain hope that in any great calamity this violent spirit was merged in a better and more kindly feeling. When the great fall of rock from Cape Diamond occurred, in 1841, all worked side by side, and strong men trembled with excitement and sympathy, as the cries of the victims rose from the ruined houses. The Imperial Custom-House was just opposite, and thither were taken a number of children who had been rescued from the timbers of the crushed tenements. Most of these were in their cradles, and it was strange to see these infants, unconscious of the casualty which had made them orphans, contentedly enjoying the sweet-meats which the officials had provided to keep them quiet. So also in the great fire of 1870, which consumed over four hundred houses in St. Rochs, and which I have special reason to remember, as

my youngest daughter, then an infant, was with her foster-mother in the middle of the burnt district. I could not get down in time, and she was twice removed before finding a place of safety.

Still more destructive was the conflagration which eleven years later swept the St. John's suburb from East to West, commencing nearly opposite St. Matthew's Church and extending Westward as far as the Tower Field. More than six hundred houses were destroyed, chiefly on D'Aiguillon and St. John Streets, and of the great church of St. John there remained nothing but the outer walls. This fire came within no great distance of my own residence, and, as the evening advanced, it was like a scene from Dante to see the darkness lit up by half a mile of flame. The church was near the foot of our street, and we could hear the bells being tolled from the lofty towers, as if in supplication, a solemn and mournful expression of deprecatory prayer. Still the fire advanced, and at length we could see the tall spires collapse and fall into the flames, amid an audible and universal groan. One toppled over sideways, and then the other one went plumb down, disappearing as if by magic. Most of the Church fittings were saved. On the following morning I was walking towards the ruins when I was startled by finding myself in the com-

pany of the twelve Apostles. There they were, huge wooden figures, of more than life size, taken from the interior, and placed for safety in a vacant green space near Number-Three tower.

But I must not extend my reminiscences to recent times. Here let me terminate these rambling notes. It has been a pleasure to recall those old days, when the famous garrison-town was yet in its glory, when the veteran troops of the Empire held its walls, and a thriving commercial population gave life and animation to its streets. In long after years—in 1892,—I revisited Quebec, but alas! all seemed changed. The streets were comparatively dull and deserted; an air of sadness seem to oppress the community; trade was stagnating; the grand old merchant princes had died and passed away, leaving none to succeed them. The splendor of the old city, with its many-voiced life and varying kaleidoscopic hues, had departed. All was strange and depressing. Only the beauty of its environs remained. Therefore it is that turning from its present aspect, and from the sealed book of the future, I prefer to look back on that which has been, and to retrace, from memory, a few idle jottings of the past.

(Sg.), E. T. F.

New Westminster, B. C.,

Sept. 26, 1896.

LA RECRUE DE 1659

ERRATA

Nous croyons devoir signaler aux lecteurs que dans notre article sur la recrue de 1659, il s'est glissé les erreurs suivantes :

Page 79, note 1, ligne 2, lire : Marie Pars et sa fille ne semblent pas être venues. . . .

Page 79, après note 3, ajouter :

(4) Jean de la Vigne. Figure dans les actes jusqu'en 1665.

Page 86, note 76, 4e ligne, lire : 26 au lieu de 25 oct.

Page 87, note 84, 2e ligne, lire : 1660 au lieu de 1760.

Page 88, note 90, 3e et 4e lignes, lire : 26 au lieu de 21 oct.

Page 90, note 102, 2e ligne, lire : accompagnée.

E.-Z. M.

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